

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

Blurred image. The right eye and cheek of DETECTIVE RICK BAKER comes into frame.

BAKER

I see it but I don't fucking believe it.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Baker is flanked by DETECTIVES JOE ROY AND DICK RAY. They survey what's left of The Little Killers Gang.

ROY

Looks like someone or something did us a public service.

Ray steps over the body of DETECTIVE MIGUEL RAMOS and chuckles.

RAY

I never liked that bastard.

ROY

Neither did I. Too full of himself.

Ramos bolts upright. The detectives jump back.

Ramos' eyes open up. The detectives clutch each other.

Ramos screams at the top of his lungs. The detectives scream.

Ramos cranes his neck toward the cops smiling.

RAMOS

I knew you bitches missed me.

Blurred image. The left eye and cheek of a barrio gang member comes into frame.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER

What's happenin' mother fucker!?

EXT. ANOTHER BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

The hefty gang member walks up to a group of other color wearing Latinos.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER

Yeah, we fuckin' yo' mother, bitch!

HEFTY GANG MEMBER
An' I'm doin' yo sista unlubed.

The gang members laugh. Funky Latin music cuts the air as a funky car pulls up.

The car is full of gangstas. A gang member with a Pancho Villa moustache sits behind the wheel.

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER
Hey, the fuck you all doing, man?

HEFTY GANG MEMBER
Nada, bitch, just chillin!

GANG MEMBER
You heard the shit happened to Che and his boys?

SKINNY GANG MEMBER
Yeah, the whole gang was drained of sangre.

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER
I wish whatever got them would come fucking with us. We got something for their ass.

All gang members pull excellent weaponry in unison. The gangs grin in unison.

A blood chilling howl pierces the air.

The gangstas drop their grins in unison.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER
What the fuck was that?

SKINNY GANG MEMBER
Sounds like a lobo.

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER
There ain't no wolves in East L.A.

The gangstas look around as the howl fades into the night.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER
Maybe we hearing shit.

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER
Yeah, we all need to stop smoking that shit.

The gangstas laugh. The chilling howl cuts the air once again.

The laughter stops.

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a dog really getting reamed.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER

That ain't no dog, amigo.

The gangstas nod in unison.

A snarling sound. The gangstas look to the mouth of the street.

What appears to be a large wolf with smoke streaming from his nose and mouth observes the gang.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER

What the fuck is that?

MOUSTACHED GANG MEMBER

I don't fucking know. Whatever it is it won't breathe that funky breathe much longer.

Hefty gang member is wide eyed.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER

That ain't no fuckin' dog, amigo.

The gangstas take aim. The wolf lopes quickly toward them on all fours.

The gangstas fire.

Bullets jolt the oncoming beast as it snarls.

The gangstas fire. The beast stops upon them. The gangstas cease fire.

The beast rises on hind legs and snarls, foam drooling from its mouth.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

That ain't no fuckin' dog, amigo.

The wolf swings its clawed paw tearing to shreds some gangstas.

The wolf howls in ecstasy.

Moustached gangsta screams and fires.

The gang screams and fires.

Bullets jolt the huge beast as it swings its claws.

Blood sprays, entrails fly as the gang is decimated.

The beast is face to face with Moustached gangsta.

Moustached gangsta continues pulling the trigger of his gun.
It just clicks.

The wolf opens its bloody mouth revealing blood stained
fangs.

The gun keeps clicking as the wolf rips out moustached
gangsta's throat.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

That ain't no fuckin' dog, amigo.

Skinny gangsta grabs his rosary, puts a gun to his head.

SKINNY GANG MEMBER

Oh, Madre!

Skinny gangsta pulls the trigger.

Moustached gangsta's scream segues into a cackling falsetto.

The wolf flips the car over onto the sidewalk.

Bullets jolt the beast. The animal whips around.

Hefty gangsta fires.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER

That sin't no fuckin', dog.

The wolf swings his clawed hand in a quick wide arc.

Hefty gangsta's arm falls to the street still firing the gun.
Hefty gangsta looks as his stump as it shoots blood.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

That ain't no fuckin', dog, amigo.

Hefty gangsta falls next to his arm and stares at it wide
eyed.

The gang members and their blood and entrails are strewn
everywhere.

The wolf turns around.

Carlos, a young gangsta proudly wearing his colors and not even a teenager yet stands fearlessly observing the wolf with gun in hand.

The wolf snarls and rivets its feral eyes on the youth.

Young Carlos pisses himself and runs into the night.

The wolf seems to smile then raises its head and howls into the night.

TV SCREEN

CHARLES B. GRIFFITH, a distinguished looking middle age man stands at a podium giving a speech to a large audience in the park.

GRIFFITH

...And I can assure you that our projects in that part of the city called the barrio will benefit everyone...

A howling is heard in the distance.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

GERMAN DIAZ sits in his chair watching tv. He turns and looks in the distance.

The door slowly creaks open. JUAN, an elderly Latino enters, stands before Diaz.

JUAN

Mr. Diaz, I'm finished for the night.

Diaz turns his attention to Juan.

DIAZ

Sure, Juan. Hey, why don't you have a seat?

Juan sits on the sofa.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Juan, you don't have to call me "Mr."

Juan is pensive.

JUAN

Well, it's just that you're my employer, and, well if I do not respect them... well.

DIAZ

Juan, I'm your fiend not your boss.

JUAN

If you say so.

DIAZ

So how's the work coming?

JUAN

Well, I have a lot more bullet holes to fill, other than that...

DIAZ

That's good, Juan. See you tomorrow night.

Diaz reaches into his pocket pulls some money, hands Juan some.

JUAN

Gracias.

DIAZ

Mil gracias, Juan.

JUAN

Mr., Uh, Diaz, may I ask you a question?

DIAZ

Sure.

JUAN

I'm not complaining or anything like that, I'm glad to be working, but why you need me to work only nights?

DIAZ

It's a long story, Juan. I'll tell you sometime.

Juan nods opens the door with that long, low creak. Juan looks at Diaz, points to the door.

JUAN

You sure you do not want me to...

DIAZ

No, Juan. The door's fine.

Juan nods, closes the door with the long, low creak.

OLD DEVIL MOON by SINATRA begins to play. RUN OPENING CREDITS over various paintings and drawings of werewolves as Frank croons.

LON CHANEY, JR leaps across the screen as THE WOLF MAN.

END CREDITS.

M.S. OVERHEAD PHOTO SHOT OF LITTLE KILLERS STREET GANG

The gang lies slaughtered in a river of blood.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)

How are you feeling, detective
Ramos?

INT. CAPTAIN MULLIGAN'S OFFICE-DAY

Ramos puts the photo on the desk. CAPTAIN MULLIGAN sits behind his desk.

RAMOS

The bullet bruises ache a little
but other than that I'm fine.

MULLIGAN

Luckily I appropriated for kevlar
vests in the budget. So at this
point can you tell me what
happened?

RAMOS

I was ready to bust Che and his
gang and then I was being toe
tagged and body bagged.

MULLIGAN

I see. Would you acquiesce to being
put under hypnosis?

RAMOS

You want to mind fuck me?

Mulligan smiles.

MULLIGAN

Just a suggestion. Are you ready to
get back in action?

RAMOS

What's the assignment?

Mulligan pulls a folder from his desk and hands it to Ramos.
Mulligan observes Ramos as he opens the folder.

P.O.V. RAMOS

A photograph of the newly slaughtered gang.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)

Look familiar?

INT. CAPTAIN MULLIGAN'S OFFICE-DAY

Ramos shows no emotion.

RAMOS

Yeah.

MULLIGAN

We don't know what did that to
them.

RAMOS

What did our friends in forensics
say?

MULLIGAN

Some of the wounds had animal and
human saliva. They don't know what
to make of it.

Ramos nods as he closes the folder.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Street gangs drained of blood, torn
to shreds by Lord knows what. I
mean we really don't give a shit
about the gangs. Good riddance. But
whatever's in the barrio might
just...

RAMOS

...Start killing rich folks.

MULLIGAN

I didn't mean it like that.

RAMOS NODS, GETS TO HIS FEET.

MULLIGAN

Oh, by the way you have a living witness...

Ramos sprays some breath freshener in his mouth.

INT. PADDED CELL-DAY

Hefty gangsta sits against the wall wearing a one arm straight jacket. His voice fills the chamber like a melodious dirge.

HEFTY GANG MEMBER

...That ain't no fuckin' dog,
amigo... That ain't no fuckin' dog,
amigo...

INT. CORRIDOR-DAY

Ramos looks through the small plexiglass window accompanied by a very attractive Latina psychiatrist.

RAMOS

That's what he does all day?

PSYCHIATRIST

Ever since he was brought in. So far he has not responded to any kind of drugs

RAMOS

Have you tried crack?

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

MARVES, a young Latino kid plays a video game on tv. A knock at the door.

Marves does not respond. His mother, Mrs. Gutierrez, walks by, looks at Marves, shakes her head, answers the door.

Ramos.

RAMOS

Mrs. Gutierrez, I'm detective Ramos. I'd like to speak to Your youngest boy, Carlos.

Mrs. Gutierrez beams and smiles radiantly.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
Please, come in.

Ramos does so.

RAMOS
I need to speak to Carlos. It's important.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
If it's about his gang banging, that's all behind him now.

RAMOS
His gang was slaughtered the other night.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
What makes you think he knows anything?

RAMOS
His body didn't show up in any of our glossies.

Mrs. Gutierrez escorts Ramos to a closet.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
Go see him now.

Marves smiles impishly.

MARVES
The other night we had to throw away a pair of his pants.

Mrs. Gutierrez and Ramos each shoot looks at Marves.

Ramos opens the door.

INT. CLOSET-NIGHT

Carlos kneels in prayer before a statue of Christ. The walls are peppered with pages from the Bible. A candle casts a soft glow.

Ramos peers in.

RAMOS
Uh, Carlos...

Carlos continues oblivious.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Carlos...

Oblivious. Ramos closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Mrs. Gutierrez beams.

MRS. GUTIERREZ

You see, being a gangbanger is no longer his bling!

Ramos is deadpan.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The door slowly opens with that long low creak. MARIA enters.

MARIA

Mr. Diaz?

Silence. Maria enters the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Maria puts her bag on the counter top and removes several bottles of blood.

She glances at the refrigerator door. An envelope with Maria written on it is stuck to the door with an American flag magnet.

Maria smiles.

MARIA (SOTTO VOCE)

Same old Mr. Diaz.

Maria places the bottles in the fridge and exits.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Maria enters..

DIAZ (V.O.S)

I told you about that Mr. Shit.

Maria is startled to see Diaz sitting in his chair.

MARIA
Oh, Mr. Diaz, I didn't know you
were here.

Diaz smiles warmly.

DIAZ
Sit down, Maria. How have you been?

Maria does so.

MARIA
I'm fine.

DIAZ
And your mom?

MARIA
She's fine too.

DIAZ
Good.

MARIA
And how have you been?

DIAZ
I'm doing well, thank you.

Maria, smiles, nods. A dull pounding from outside. The
pounding ceases. The smiling face of Juan appears at the
window.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
That's Juan. He's fixing up the
place.

MARIA
From when Che...

Diaz smiles wanly.

DIAZ
It's ok, Maria.

MARIA
I better be going. I've got to
study for my exam.

DIAZ
Good luck, Maria.

Maria smiles, exits. The long low creak of the door.

Juan's face appears at the window.

JUAN
Mr. Diaz, you sure you don't want
that door fixed?

Diaz smiles, briefly waves his hand from side to side.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Several color wearing members of Los Ninos hang out. A Chevy filled with gang members pulls up blaring Latino music.

The Latinos exit the Chevy and do funky handshakes with the other members. Que pasa, mi amigo, etc.

CHEVY LATINO
You guys just hanging out, huh?

LOS NINOS LEADER
Yeah, nothing else to do, man.

CHEVY LATINO
I hear that.

LOS NINOS LEADER

WHAT'S THE WORD ABOUT THE OTHER
NIGHT?

Chevy Latino pulls a switchblade, pops it open revealing a comb. He briskly combs his moustache.

CHEVY LATINO
Man, nobody knows what butchered
them guys. Just be ready, amigo.

The Los Ninos gang opens their jackets revealing enough firepower to destroy a small nation.

Chevy Latino steps back.

CHEVY LATINO (CONT'D)
Shit!

LOS NINOS LEADER
Man, ain't anyone or anything can
fuck with us.

CHEVY LATINO
I can see that.

The Chevy Latinos gang members laugh. The laughter is drowned out by a loud howl. The gang members become stiff.

CHEVY LATINO (CONT'D)

The fuck is that?

LOS NINOS LEADER

Probably some girl getting fucked.

The Los Ninos leader thrusts his hips briskly. The gang members laugh.

The howl. The laughing ceases. A guttural growl. The gang bangers pull guns.

A huge wolf rises from behind the Chevy. The gangstas turn around.

The Los Ninos gang screams like little girls. The wolf cranes his head from side to side and emits a bone chilling howl.

The Los Ninos gang shivers and shakes, drop their guns and run.

The Chevy gangstas look after them with a very solid contempt.

CHEVY LATINO

Little putas.

The Chevy gangstas blast away. The wolf flips the Chevy over. The car goes side over side and crushes several gangstas. The Chevy lands on its wheels.

Chevy Latino and his boys blast.

The wolf grabs a gangsta and bites him in the throat. Blood spurts.

The wolf drops the blood spurting gangsta with a loud splat.

Chevy Latino, turns and runs. The wolf looks after him. Chevy Latino stops running.

CHEVY LATINO (CONT'D)

Man, fuck this! I ain't running from some faggott-ass wolf!

Chevy Latino turns, faces the wolf. The Gangsta scowls in true hood fashion.

CHEVY LATINO (CONT'D)

You ain't making me a part of the food chain, bitch.

Chevy Latino smiles, pulls his keys, opens the trunk of the Chevy and removes a hose.

The wolf observes almost human-like.

Chevy Latino puts the hose in the gas tank of the Chevy and sucks on the hose, puts it above his head.

The wolf seems to squint.

Gas from the hose drenches Chevy Latino.

CHEVY LATINO (CONT'D)
Fuck you, lobo maricone.

The wolf looks on, curious. Chevy Latino pulls a match and strikes it on his finger nail.

The thug bursts into flames. The wolf shakes its head!

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Several members of Los Ninos run, pull cell phones in unison and call the cops.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Ramos drives silently. The radio crackles.

RADIO
Gang disturbance at Abel and
Salazar...

RAMOS
That's me.

Ramos puts pedal to the metal.

EXT ALLEY-NIGHT

The Ninos are frightened, demoralized.

A shadow descends upon them. The large wolf appears at the mouth of the alley.

The wolf opens its mouth and a thick stream of saliva falls to the ground. There is a murderous look in its eyes.

Los Ninos runs.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

The Ninos spill from the alley screaming. The big bad wolf follows.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Ramos's eyes widen.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

The car slams into the wolf.

The wolf is knocked to the street. Ramos explodes through the windshield rolls over the hood of the car and hits the street.

Ramos looks up as a small line of blood streams down his face.

The wolf looks up at Ramos.

RAMOS

You dumb fuck.

The wolf gets to it clawed feet and smiles. Ramos pulls his pistol.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain dead,
mother fucker.

Ramos fires. The bullet jolts the wolf. The wolf seems to grin.

Ramos fires rapidly. The bullets jolt the wolf.

Ramos is perplexed. The grinning wolf's eyes narrow into a homicidal stare.

Ramos fires. The bullet hits the wolf in the right eye.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Wolf's eye!

The wolf spins around and emits a shrill scream that painfully legattos into a groaning howl.

The wolf turns around and comes at Ramos.

Ramors gets to his feet and retreats.

The wolf steps next to the car. The wolf's right eye peers maniacally at Ramos. The left orbital oozes blood.

WOLF

We'll dance again, detective "mike"
Ramos.

RAMOS

Here's an example of my salsa,
bitch!

Ramos pumps several rounds into the car's gas tank. The car explodes engulfing the screaming wolf in flames.

The wolf turns tail and lopes into the night.

Ramos steadies himself.. A car screeches to a halt. Detectives Baker, Roy and Ray exit with guns in hand.

BAKER

Ramos, what's going on?!

RAMOS

I was teaching a lobo how to salsa.

The detectives are deadpan.

INT. MULLIGAN'S OFFICE-DAY

Ramos, Baker, Roy and Ray stand before Mulligan.

Ramos looks like shit.

MULLIGAN

Teaching a wolf the salsa. What
kind of shit is that?

Ramos begins to answer.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Before you answer why don't you
have a seat. You look like shit.

RAMOS

I'm fine, sir.

Mulligan nods animatedly.

MULLIGAN

Now would you like to tell me what
the hell happened?

RAMOS

I received a call that gang violence was in progress. Enroute I was ambushed by some youths with some heavy artillery.

Mulligan steeples his hands.

MULLIGAN

They must've been very poor shots.

RAMOS

Excuse me?

MULLIGAN

There were no bullet holes in any of the cars or nearby buildings.

RAMOS

They were shooting high.

RAY

There were also no casings.

Mulligan looks through Ramos.

RAMOS

Who said they were using automatics?

ROY

Chief, are you going to sit here and eat this bullshit?

MULLIGAN

That's enough, detective.

Mulligan unsteeples his hands and leans back. Ramos has a mild smirk on his face.

BAKER

He's smirking at you, chief.

MULLIGAN

I want you to get back to work in the barrio. That's it. Plain and simple.

Ramos nods. The other detectives regard him with disdain as he exits.

BAKER

Why didn't you call that bastard a liar?

MULLIGAN

You all already did enough of that.

RAY

He saw who the fuck's been putting these gang bangers on ice.

ROY

You need to let us handle it, captain.

Mulligan scowls at the detectives.

MULLIGAN

Get the fuck out of my office.

The detectives begrudgingly file out. Mulligan shakes his head.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

It seems like every color wearing Latino is in attendance.

BABY BOY GARCIA steps onto the stage looking every bit the Latino hood.

The cacophony dies down. The hoods give him their rapt attention.

BABY BOY GARCIA

The past few night in the barrio someone or something slaughtered our blood brothers.

The hoods react. Baby Boy struts across the stage.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)

The police don't give a fuck. The politicians don't give a fuck.

The hoods voice agreement. Baby Boy swings his hips like a Latino Elvis.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)

I think it's time we do something about it!

The hoods go wild with applause. Baby Boy swings those hips. Hell, he'd even give Ann Margaret a run for her money.

The garage door rises. A nondescript car enters. The hoods react. The car comes to a halt in front of the hoods.

Ramos exits. Baby Boy swings a hip.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
How the fuck do you know about this
place.

RAMOS
This is where I first busted you.
Same bat time. Same bat channel.

BABY BOY GARCIA
What the fuck do you want, "Mike?"

RAMOS
The same thing you want.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Yeah? So you know what the fuck
that is?

RAMOS
To stop the slaughter of our
brothers on the street.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Since when do you care?

RAMOS
Since I've been a cop.

Baby Boy swings a hip.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Thank you for your concern "Mr.
Policeman" but this is our problem.

RAMOS
You don't know what you're up
against. Elvis.

BABY BOY GARCIA
And you do?

RAMOS
I've seen it.

BABY BOY GARCIA
It?

RAMOS
Hombre lobo.

Baby Boy and the hoods laugh.

BABY BOY GARCIA
You better stop ...

RAMOS
...smoking that shit.

Baby Boy looks at his hoodlum audience.

AKIBABY BOY GARCIA
What's this cop need to do?!

HOODLUMS (IN UNISON)
Get his ass out of here!

Baby Boy shakes his head, rolls his eyes.

BABY BOY GARCIA
No. That too. But the other?!

HOODLUMS (IN UNISON)
Stop smoking that shit!

Ramos fixes his eyes on Baby Boy.

RAMOS
It's killing your boys. Not mine.

Ramos turns, walks. A look of concern appears on the soft face of Baby Boy.

BABY BOY GARCIA
What's the deal?

Ramos turns around.

RAMOS
Give me twenty four hours before
you start shooting up the barrio.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Then?

RAMOS
You and your boys better start
breaking into houses and stealing
all the silverware you can.

Baby Boy swings a hip.

BABY BOY GARCIA
What?!

INT.LOCKER ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz removes his shirt revealing his awesomely sexy physique.

DIAZ
What's on your mind, "Mike?"

Ramos steps from around the locker.

RAMOS
Hombre lobo.

DIAZ
Excuse me?

Ramos straddles a bench.

RAMOS
There are werewolves in the barrio.

Diaz smiles wanly.

DIAZ
You need to...

RAMOS
...stop smoking that shit. I saw
it. It also hit me that "Mike"
shit.

Diaz smirks broadly.

DIAZ
Now I know you need to stop...

RAMOS
...stop smoking that shit. Why
would I make up some story about
talking werewolves?

DIAZ
Maybe one of those bullets
ricocheted off your head?

RAMOS
And maybe I saw a talking werewolf.
I shot out one of his eyeballs.
Fuck with me.

Diaz pulls on his pants.

DIAZ
A talking werewolf with one eye? He
shouldn't be hard to find
especially in the barrio.

RAMOS
I need your help.

DIAZ
You come to the vampiro to fight
the el hombre lobo.

RAMOS
Something like that.

Diaz puts on his shirt.

DIAZ
You know what I think?

Ramos shakes his head.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
I think you want me to be the first
vampiro on the LAPD. Never happen.

Diaz exits.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Darkness. There is the hammering of Juan on the outside. Diaz enters. The long low creak of the door. Diaz turns on the light.

Ramos sits in Diaz's chair.

RAMOS
As I was saying I need your help.

DIAZ
And I said no way.

RAMOS
Baby Boy Garcia has promised me
he'll keep things under control.

DIAZ
And?

Diaz enters the kitchen. Ramos pivots in the chair toward the kitchen.

RAMOS

That will give us time before the
bodies start to pile up.

DIAZ (O.S.)

The bodies are always piling up in
the barrio.

The hammering ceases. The door opens. The long low creak.
Juan pokes his head in at an odd angle.

JUAN

It wasn't always like that.

Ramos nods. Diaz enters, nods. Juan withdraws his head. The
door creaks shut, long and low.

Diaz sits on the sofa. Ramos leans back. Diaz looks at Ramos
as he is about to open his mouth.

DIAZ

No.

RAMOS

Just like that?

DIAZ

Just like that.

Ramos is pensive, nods, gets to his feet.

RAMOS

I hope you have a conscience.

DIAZ

I hope Baby Boy Garcia has a
conscience.

Ramos exits. The long low creaking door shuts behind him. The
hammering ceases.

The door creaks open long and low. Juan pokes his head in at
another angle.

JUAN

Talking werewolves in the barrio!

Juan laughs heartily. Diaz smiles. The door creaks shut long
and low. The hammering resumes.

EXT. MULTI-COLORED WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Funky Latino musica plays.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

A gang of young Latinos paint cars with elan to the beat of the funky musica.

ROMO, a well dressed Latino observes from an office above the work area.

TOMAS, a young Latino sits in front of a desk.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Romo takes a seat behind the desk and gives his attention to Tomas.

ROMO

So you want to work for me, Tomas?

TOMAS

Yeah.

ROMO

You ready to work hard, Tomas?

TOMAS

Yeah.

ROMO

Yeah, yeah. What kind of vocabulary is that?

Tomas shrugs. Romo shrugs.

ROMO (CONT'D)

You don't want to be articulate?

TOMAS

Fuck no, I just want to make mucho dinero.

Romo purses his lips, nods. Tomas is cool.

ROMO

I can dig that, muchacho. You want to make big bank. That's good. But you don't want to be an idiota.

TOMAS

Don't matter what you are long as you got dinero.

Romo nods.

ROMO
I don't like the attitude but I
think I could use you.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The Latinos work to the funky beat. A long unholy howl fills the air outside.

The Latinos stop.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Romo's eyes move about.

TOMAS
What the fuck is that?

Romo's eyes settle on Tomas.

ROMO
We've got to work on that
vocabulary.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The skylight explodes. A huge gray wolf drops in.

The Latinos are surprised. The wolf hits the ground amidst the falling debris.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Romo, gets up, opens a panel in the wall revealing enough firepower to give an erection to an aged member of the NRA.

Tomas continues to be nonchalant.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The wolf rises from the debris. The Latinos are awestruck.

The wolf swings wide with its paw decimating a string of Latinos.

The musica plays on.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Romo tosses Tomas a Glock.

ROMO
You start right now, muchacho!

Tomas looks sourly at the gun.

TOMAS
I don't like Glocks.

Romo tosses Tomas an assault rifle. Tomas smiles like a kid at his birthday party.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The wolf rips the throat from a screaming Latino.

The musica plays on.

Romo stands at the railing with an assault rifle.

ROMO
Yo, Wolfman Jack!

The wolf turns around on hind legs with the Latino's esophagus clenched in his jaws.

ROMO (CONT'D)
Suck on this!

Romo fires. The bullets jolt the wolf. Blood spurts from the hanging esophagus.

Romo leaps over the railing.

The musica plays on.

Romo lands in front of the wolf and looks him in the eye.

ROMO (CONT'D)
You wanna fuck with my boys, mother
fucker?! You wanna fuck with my
boys?!

The wolf spits the esophagus to the floor. Tomas stands at the railing.

TOMAS
What happened to articulate, mother
fucker?

ROMO
I'm from the barrio...

The wolf leers at Romo then sinks his teeth into his face.

A faceless Romo falls to the floor as the wolf devours his face.

The wolf looks up at Tomas, opens his bloody mouth and howls like a vile banshee.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT-LATER

Ramos observes the faceless Romo. Detectives Baker, Roy and Ray investigate the slaughter as forensic techs ply their trade.

Roy sidles up to Baker and Ray. They all smile.

ROY
Think your talking werewolf did this?

RAMOS
Si.

TOMAS (V.O.S)
It was a hombre lobo. It did not speak.

The detectives turn their necks in unison. Tomas descends the stairs.

RAMOS
Who are you?

TOMAS
I am Tomas. I was being interviewed by Romo when the lobo came.

Ray, Roy and Baker smirk. Ramos observes the youth.

RAMOS
It was a hombre lobo.

RAY
Yeah, this time it kept its mouth shut.

TOMAS
It only opened its mouth to tear out throats, intestines, etc.

ROY
Throats, intestines, etc.

Baker looks around.

BAKER
It did a lot of that.

Ramos looks intently at Tomas.

RAMOS
Habla.

TOMAS
Intrinsically speaking you have an actual hombre lobo on your hands. One that is impervious to bullets and the other standard ways of killing.

The detectives are impressed.

ROY
That's pretty good. What college did you attend?

TOMAS
No college. I'm currently in a state of shock. If I don't receive treatment in...

Tomas glances at the clock on the wall.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
...Twenty four minutes I will go into a coma.

Tomas collapses to the floor. The detectives look down on the fallen youth.

RAY
Gri one sharp young gang banger.

BAKER
No, he just got his education in the last two hours.

A pair of attendants lift Tomas onto a stretcher.

EXT. AMERICAN FENCE COMPANY-NIGHT

Diaz and CHUCKY exit the gates.

CHUCKY

...Anyway these naked faggots were standing on the corner and one looks at the others pecker and says...

A limo pulls up. The window comes down. CHARLES B. GRIFFITH.

GRIFFITH

Good evening, Mr. Diaz. I am Charles B. Griffith of Griffith Builders. I'd like a word with you.

DIAZ

Concerning what?

GRIFFITH

The future of the barrio.

Diaz enters the limo. The limo pulls away. Chucky is perplexed.

CHUCKY

I swear that guy has no sense of humor.

INT. REAR-LIMO-MOVING-NIGHT

Seated are JOHNATHAN HAZE, an African American gentleman. DICK MILLER, angelic, with a dark bruise around the socket of his right eye that looks in the process of healing.

GRIFFITH

These are my associates...

HAZE

Johnathan haze.

Miller extends his hand. Diaz accepts it.

DICK MILLER

Dick Miller.

GRIFFITH

This gentleman is German Diaz a role model for the Hispanic community.

DIAZ

I don't know who told you that.

GRIFFITH
Whenever I build in new communities
I investigate thoroughly.

 DIAZ
You sound like CIA more so than a
business man.

Miller looks tensely at Diaz. Griffith chuckles.

 GRIFFITH
I can assure you I am a
philanthropist whose interest is
people first. I take great pride
and pleasure in building minority
communities.

 HAZE
That's where you come in, Mr. Diaz.

Diaz raises an eye.

 GRIFFITH
We feel that you can be very
instrumental in helping us to help
your community.

 DIAZ
First of all how do you even know
about me?

 GRIFFITH
As I said before I investigate very
thoroughly. Mr. Towne turn right
please.

The limo gently turns.

EXT. ROOFTOP-NIGHT

The men stand on the rooftop. Griffith looks down on the
city. Miller is tense.

 GRIFFITH
This is what I have planned for the
barrio community. Upward mobility.
The only way I can achieve that is
to connect with the people.

 HAZE
We would rather work around the
bloated self serving politicians
and deal with someone like you.

GRIFFITH
A man of the people.

Diaz looks out on the city.

 DIAZ
I understand where you're coming
from but that is not the way to
connect to the people.

The three men cock their necks at an angle in unison.

A pulsating Latin beat.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

The limo is in the center of the street. The street pulsates
with Latin life and culture.

Diaz exits the limo.

 DIAZ
You want to connect with the
people...

Griffith, Haze and Miller reluctantly exit. Diaz smiles.

 DIAZ (CONT'D)
Now what do you have in mind? Would
you like a mariachi band?

A group of funky Latino youths surround the men and play air
guitars as they sing a mariachi song.

The men are intimidated. Diaz smiles. The youths dance back
into the night.

 DIAZ (CONT'D)
Maybe you would like to experience
the creative heart and soul of the
people.

A group of Latino youths with spray cans surround the men.
The youths step toward Griffith, Haze and Miller. The men
step back.

The youths converge on a wall behind the intimidated men and
spray in a natural rhythm. The youths step back revealing a
multi colored painting of a fierce Aztec warrior standing at
the mouth of a beautiful rainbow limned to a portrait of the
barrio.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
 Or maybe you would like to
 experience the pulchritude of a
 young mami.

A group of smoking hot Latinas strut by the trio.

MAMIS (IN UNISON)
 Ola!

DIAZ
 And now for something harder.

A convertible filled with heavily armed Latinos drive by
 casting hard looks. The trio, especially Miller, tenses.

Diaz turns, faces the stunned men.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
 Now you are connecting to the
 people.

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Ramos stands in the center of the park.

RAMOS (SOTTO VOCE)
 Now I gotta go through this shit.

A group of color wearing gang members pirouette and dance
 from the darkness ala' West Side Story. You can almost hear
 the Rogers and Hammerstein score.

The gang members pirouette into positions.

Baby Boy Garcia appears in front of Ramos.

RAMOS (CONT'D)
 You're full of shit when you say
 you've never seen West Side Story.

Baby Boy Garcia cast a nasty look at the gang members.

BABY BOY GARCIA
 That's their thing not mine.

RAMOS
 Yeah, yeah. Hey, bro, could I get
 more time?

BABY BOY GARCIA
 Fuck that. Me and the crew are
 taking it to the streets.

RAMOS
You don't know what you're up
against.

BABY BOY GARCIA
If it can die I see no fucking
problems.

RAMOS
Let me help you.

Baby Boy Garcia smiles broadly.

BABY BOY GARCIA
A cop helping a street gang?

Laughter from the gang members.

RAMOS
I was a gang banger once.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Who was the gang, the little
fairies?

The gang members laugh.

RAMOS
You don't know it but I'm all you
got.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I heard that same shit from my
father, my teacher, the priest.

RAMOS
Have I ever lied to you?

BABY BOY GARCIA
They said that too.

Baby Boy Garcia disappears into the night. Ramos looks after
him with concern.

LARGE BORE HUNTING RIFLES LAYING ON RED FELT

Funky safari-Latino music plays in the b.g. A heavy wad of
cash lands next to the guns.

STYLIZED SHOT- LOS ANGELES-NIGHT

A blood red moon.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Silence. The street is empty. The funky safari-Latino music plays in the distance and seems to draw near.

A multi colored humvee crawls up the street playing the funky safari-Latino music from a speaker.

INT. HUMVEE-MOVING-NIGHT

ELIO, a fat Latino with a multi colored moustache drives. Baby Boy Garcia sits in the passenger seat. In the rear FLACCO, a cadaverous Latino appears to be in a deep sleep.

ELIO
Hombre lobos? We're hunting hombre lobos?

BABY BOY GARCIA
I think.

Elio shifts his eyes to Baby Boy.

ELIO
You don't know what the fuck we're hunting.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I'm going by what Ramos said!

ELIO
That puta will have us killing each other! What about that basura in the back? He's been sleeping since he was born!

BABY BOY GARCIA
He'll "rise" to the occasion.

ELIO
Yeah, my dick would be rising right now in front of a mami if I wasn't hunting hombre lobos.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Shut the fuck up and drive.

The eyes of the thugs widen in unison. The humvee screeches to a halt.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
Chico's head!

ELIO
Chico's head!

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

A dark werewolf holds the head of CHICO by his hair as blood drips from his neck.

Baby Boy and Elio step from the humvee hunting rifles in hand.

CHICO (WISPY)
Where's the rest of me?!

BABY BOY GARCIA
We'll get your venganza, Chico!

ELIO
But first let's put you out of your misery, Chico.

CHICO (WISPY)
Gracias.

Baby Boy aims, fires. Chico's head explodes. The werewolf is surprised.

BABY BOY GARCIA
The next one is for you, faggot werewolf.

The werewolf puffs out his chest and grins. Elio laughs.

ELIO
Kiss your hairy ass goodbye.

Baby Boy Garcia fires. The bullet slams into the werewolf's chest.

The werewolf clutches his chest and spins around howling like a wounded dog. The werewolf walks around very dramatically and falls to the street.

Baby Boy and Elio are jubilant. Baby Boy pulls a machete from a sheath.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I'm gonna cut off the lobos head and stick it on the tip of my...

Elio widens his eyes and inhales.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
Chevy's antennae

Elio narrows his eyes and exhales. The werewolf suddenly rises, does the shame on you sign with his fingers.

Baby Boy and Elio stop dead. The werewolf reaches into its chest wound and digs out the slug. The werewolf flicks it at the gang bangers with its thumb.

Baby Boy throws the machete. The werewolf catches it in its clawed hands, holds it up to its mouth and licks the blade with a salivating tongue. The wolf drops the machete.

Baby Boy pulls a small music box, opens it. A melancholy tune plays.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
When the chime finishes it's your
hairy ass.

Elio cuts his eyes at Baby Boy.

ELIO
How you gonna kill it with a
fucking bitches music box?

The chime becomes shorter and shorter. The wolf taps a claw impatiently on a car fender.

The chimes stop. Elio looks from side to side.

A shrill scream tears through the night. Flacco somersaults from the humvee and lands on his feet, eyes wide open with an assault rifle in each fist and blazes away.

The bullets drill into the werewolf. The guns click. The werewolf smiles evilly.

Elio looks at Baby Boy. The Baby Boy smiles.

Flacco pulls a pair of machetes and runs at the werewolf swinging them like a frenzied madman.

The werewolf swings his clawed hand in a quick wide arc. Flacco's hands fall to the street. The werewolf stands triumphant.

Flacco runs to a barrel with a flame burning in it. Several street people cower in the shadows.

Flacco motions the the barrel with his head. Baby Boy quickly picks up the machetes from the fallen hands and runs them to Flacco.

Flacco holds out his nubs. Baby Boy stabs the machete handles into them. Flacco puts the nubs over the fire. The hissing of flesh and metal searing together.

Baby Boy and Elio wince. The werewolf shakes it's head. Flacco charges the werewolf again. The werewolf swings his clawed hand in a wide arc. Flacco's head lops to the street.

BABY BOY GARCIA

That trick with the cauterization
ain't gonna help with that.

The werewolf steps up to Baby Boy and Elio, opens his mouth in a salivating grin. Baby Boy and Elio are terrified. The werewolf punches his claws into Elio's chest and rips out his heart. Elio slumps to the street.

The werewolf holds Elio's smoking heart in the palm of his hand and looks a terrified Baby Boy in his eyes.

WEREWOLF

Welcome to your nightmare, Baby
Boy!

The werewolf closes his hand and Elio's heart explodes sluicing blood onto Baby Boy's face.

The werewolf exits. Baby Boy pulls his cell, dials.

BABY BOY GARCIA

"Mike," you were fucking right. The
hombre lobo can habla.

RAMOS (FROM PHONE)

Where are you?

BABY BOY GARCIA

Standing in the street with Elio's
corazon all over my face.

RAMOS (FROM PHONE)

Uh, shit.

INT. MANSION-NIGHT

A party is in full swing. The elite mix and mingle. An impeccably dressed man stands next to Griffith.

IMPECABLY DRESSED

When is our guest of honor arriving
from the barrio?

GRIFFITH

I feel he's arrived now.

EXT. MANSION-NIGHT

A limo pulls up. Diaz exits. He is wearing a very nice suit
and oozes of raw primal sexuality.

INT. MANSION-NIGHT

Diaz enters. Every female in the room reacts. Impeccably
dressed is amazed.

IMPECABLY DRESSED

Amazing.

GRIFFITH

Everyone I'd like you to meet Mr.
German Diaz our spokesperson for
the barrio.

The upper crust acknowledge him with smiles.

DIAZ

Thank you.

GRIFFITH

Would you like a drink?

DIAZ

I don't drink.

Griffith smiles.

GRIFFITH

Yes.

The full moon is visible through an open balcony door.

DIAZ

A full moon.

GRIFFITH

Very beautiful.

DIAZ

Yes.

The front door explodes open. Ramos enters leading Baby Boy right up to Diaz. Anger twists his features.

RAMOS

I heard you were here tonight
getting smoke rings blown up your
ass by some well to dos.

Griffith is stunned. Diaz is calm. Haze appears, observes.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Some of us haven't had such a good
evening.

Ramos jerks Baby Boy's head up. His face is covered with blood.

DIAZ

If he was at home reading Cervantes
he would not have blood on his
face.

RAMOS

If some hombre lobos weren't
killing our youths he wouldn't have
blood on his face.

GRIFFITH

Is the young man in need of medical
treatment?

Ramos looks Griffith up and down.

RAMOS

Is this your fiesta?

GRIFFITH

It's my party.

RAMOS

Have a few drinks and stick it up
your ass.

Ramos and Baby Boy exit. Griffith steps up to Diaz.

GRIFFITH

What was that all about, Mr. Diaz?

Diaz smiles.

DIAZ

Just more of the barrio vibe.

INT. CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Ramos drives. Baby Boy wipes sangre from his face.

RAMOS

We need to go to the hills and get
all the silverware we can,
muchacho.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Fuck that. I'm done with gang
ganging and I'm done with you. Get
me the fuck home.

RAMOS

That don't change a thing. These
Universal Monsters Lon Chaney, Jr
wanna bees will still be butchering
our boys.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Since when did you care?

RAMOS

I've always cared.

EXT. BABY BOY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The car pulls up. Baby Boy exits, looks in the open window of
the car.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Who the fuck is Lon Chaney, jr?

The shrill voice of Baby Boy's mom shatters the ether.

MRS. GARCIA (V.O.S)

Horatio, is that you!

RAMOS

Your mom's calling... Horatio.

Ramos smiles, pulls away. Baby Boy looks after him.

BABY BOY GARCIA (A HISS)

I loathe that name.

MRS. GARCIA (V.O.S)

Horaaatio!

Baby Boy jolts.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Coming, Madre!

EXT. RAMOS'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Ramos pulls up, exits. Walks to his modest home.

The clicking of a gun.

Ramos turns around to see a man in a ski mask aiming an auto-pump shotgun at him.

Ski mask fires. Ramos leaps, hits the ground, Rolls, pulls his gun and fires.

Ski mask ducks. The bullet careens off the sidewalk. Ramos sees another ski mask and fires.

The other ski mask leaps, hits the ground, rolls.

Ramos gets to his feet. A bullet whizzes past his head. Ramos pivots. Another ski mask with a pistol steps from the shadows

Ramos fires. Pistol toting ski mask steps back into the shadows.

Ramos looks around. All ski masks emerge firing. Ramos runs toward his house firing as he hits the door. The ski masks continue firing. Bullets drill into the house.

The ski masks cease firing and inspect their handiwork.

Ramos leaps through the open door with a homemade assault rifle complete with grenade launcher.

All eyes in the ski masks grow wide. Ramos fires. The casings fly in a circular fashion.

The gunmen run and leap in comical fashion ala' The Keystone Cops. The casings clatter to the ground. Bullets drill into Ramos's car. It explodes briefly engulfing the night in a bright day.

Ramos and the ski masks are knocked to the ground. The gunmen quickly get to their feet and run into the night.

Ramos looks at his rifle and whistles.

INT. MANSION-NIGHT

Diaz is the center of attention.

DIAZ

...I believe problems can only be solved in the barrio diligent effort.

An attractive woman smiles at Diaz.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I understand you were in Vietnam.

DIAZ

Yes.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

You look too young to have been in Vietnam.

DIAZ

I take good care of myself.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (SEDUCTIVELY)

I can see that.

Griffith sidles up to Diaz.

GRIFFITH

Now that everyone has had an opportunity to get to know Mr. Diaz I'd like everyone to mix and mingle. Have a great evening ladies and gentleman.

Attractive continues smiling at Diaz.

INT. BABY BOY GARCIA'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Baby Boy listens to I GET AROUND by THE BEACH BOYS as he reads THE PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY by WILLIAM JAMES.

P.O.V. BABY BOY-PARAGRAPHS

The writings of James. There is a tapping on the book. Baby Boy lowers the book. The barrel of a gun. Ramos smiles behind the barrel.

INT. BABY BOY GARCIA'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Baby Boy is calm.

RAMOS

William James, not bad. You ready to say your prayers and die, mother fucker?

BABY BOY GARCIA

Man, I ain't taking no mother fucking silverware.

RAMOS

This is about those slap stick comedy mother fuckers you sent to do me in.

Baby Boy is genuinely surprised.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Man, I didn't send no mother fuckers to "do you in."

RAMOS

No?

BABY BOY GARCIA

No.

Ramos puts the gun away.

RAMOS

Let's go get that silverware.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Fuck no.

RAMOS

Then I'll tell your gang you still live with your mother and you listen to the Beach Boys.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Let me get dressed.

INT. MANSION-NIGHT

All The females are mesmerized by Diaz. The other men are standing in a group observing.

SEXY LADY

When you were in Vietnam did you kill anyone?

DIAZ
Yes. But I don't like to discuss
the experience.

A female eyes Diaz with unbridled lust.

UNBRIDLED LUST FEMALE
Are you married?

Diaz smiles.

DIAZ
No.

Griffith and Hayes watch from across the room.

HAZE
They might turn this into a
bacchanal.

GRIFFITH
Hardly. One of his kind gives off
powerful pheromones.

Haze looks around the room.

HAZE
Where is Miller?

GRIFFITH
I suppose he'll be along shortly.

A weary Miller enters.

HAZE
Speak of the devil...

Miller grabs a drink from a passing waiter then joins
Griffith and Haze.

GRIFFITH
You've been hunting.

MILLER
So what?

Haze starts to speak. Griffith raises his hand.

GRIFFITH
We agreed to act with restraint.

Miller glares at Griffith.

MILLER

How can there be any restraint for anything like this?

HAZE

You've had it long enough to be able to control it.

GRIFFITH

He's right. This is not acceptable.

Miller smiles.

MILLER

What are you going to do, kill me?

Miller drinks.

GRIFFITH

I won't have to.

MILLER LOOKS AT DIAZ.

MILLER

The Barrio Bloodsucker? I'll eat his fucking heart.

GRIFFITH

You just might get your chance.

Diaz looks at Griffith, Haze, Miller and smiles.

Darkness. The sound of a window being pried open. A pair of figures enter and move stealthily through the darkness.

BAKER

Flashbacks, "mike?"

RAMOS

Yeah, flashbacks, mother fucker.

A click.

INT. LIVING ROOM MANSION-NIGHT

Ramos and Baby Boy freeze. A pudgy old man and his equally old and pudgy wife stand on the stairs.

PUDGY

What are you doing in here?

BABY BOY GARCIA

It's obvious gordo.

PUDGY WIFE
I'm calling the police.

Ramos flashes his badge.

RAMOS
I am the police gorda, uh ma'am.

Pudgy husbands face contorts.

PUDGY
I know you. About twenty years ago
you broke into this very house.

Ramos is embarrassed. Baby Boy beams, nods.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Flashbacks.

RAMOS
That was a long time ago. I'm a
police officer now and I need your
silverware.

PUDGY
Only the silverware? Last time you
made off with my tv, my coin
collection, my Sinatra collection.
Now you've come back for the
silverware?

Baby Boy smiles at Ramos.

BABY BOY GARCIA
You into Sinatra, mother fucker?

Ramos is embarrassed.

RAMOS
My boy Gonzales took that.

Baby Boy continues smiling.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Sure.

RAMOS
Fuck you.

PUDGY WIFE
Please watch your language.

PUDGY
You think a thug like that cares
how he speaks?

PUDGY WIFE
I remember last time he was polite.

RAMOS
Thank you, ma'am.

Baby Boy is gleeful.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I don't believe this shit.

Pudgy wife looks at Baby Boy.

PUDGY
Why have you come back for the
silverware?

RAMOS
So we can kill all the werewolves
in the barrio.

Baby Boy beams and nods. The couple stares deadpan.

INT. PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Diaz lies naked in the bed.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (V.O.S)
I appreciate you coming home with
me.

The woman from the party climbs on top of Diaz and looks over
her shoulder.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)
We all do.

A pair of other attractive women from the party slide onto
the bed.

INT. PENTHOUSE-NIGHT-LATER

The bodies glisten in the moonlight as Diaz pleasures them
all.

EXT. DIAZ'S HOUSE-NIGHT

A limo pulls up. Diaz exits. The attractive woman puts her face in the window.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Thank you for a wonderful night.

DIAZ

No problemo.

Diaz ascends the steps. A pounding from the rooftop. The pounding ceases. Juan smiles down at Diaz from the rooftop.

JUAN

That chica was caliente. Not as caliente as the one waiting inside.

DIAZ

Keep your mind on your work, Juan.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz enters. The tinkling of glass from the kitchen. The gentle sound of the fridge door shutting.

Diaz sits on the sofa. Maria enters, she is startled a bit.

DIAZ

Ola, Maria.

MARIA

Juan still repairing the bullet holes?

DIAZ

Yes. It won't be much longer.

Maria is pensive.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

What would you like to talk about, Maria?

MARIA

The wave of recent killings in the barrio.

Diaz twists his neck, relaxes.

DIAZ

What about them?

MARIA

Is it true that hombre lobos are
praying on our community?

Diaz smiles.

DIAZ

If they are I think it's a matter
for the police.

MARIA

The police will not understand.
They will be ignorant in their
approach to the problem.

DIAZ

I see. The barrio bloodsucker must
go after the hombre lobo.

MARIA

I know that being a...

Maria is shamed.

DIAZ

...A vampiro.

MARIA

That you are always in a difficult
position. I know that's not fair.

DIAZ

Maria, I know this might sound like
a strange thing for a man like
myself to say but God in his
mysterious ways is already handling
the problem.

Maria smiles.

MARIA

That's something to think about.
Please take into consideration what
I've said. Have a nice evening.

Maria exits. The pounding ceases.

JUAN (V.O.S)

Adios, caliente!

Diaz leans back and relaxes. The pounding resumes.

A shrill scream like a shell cuts the air. The scream segues
into the screams of many men.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE-NIGHT

Diaz in full military regalia runs. A shell explodes. young soldiers scramble and scream in confusion.

A young Vietnamese boy opens his mouth revealing fangs.

The screaming including Diaz's own reaches an insane crescendo.

INT. DIAZ'S BEDROOM-DAY

Diaz awakens to see a man in a ski mask standing over him holding a stake to his chest and bringing down a hammer.

Diaz punches ski mask in the face and gets up.

A pair of other ski masks hold crucifixes.

Diaz shakes his head as he grabs each crucifix with a taloned hand and crushes them.

The ski masks jump back and pull guns. Diaz charges. The masks fire.

Bullets knock Diaz about. Diaz swings in a wide backhand knocking both masks to the floor.

The other mask pulls the heavy dark curtain from the window. A shaft of sunlight hits Diaz and smoke rises from the skin on his right arm.

Diaz angrily hisses. The masks grab their guns, hammers and stakes and exit.

Diaz grabs the curtain, puts it in front of him and places it back in the window. The long low creaking of the living room door shutting.

Diaz rubs the slowly healing burn mark on his arm.

DIAZ'S RIGHT HAND

Several bloody slugs lie in the palm. Diaz flicks them with a taloned thumb.

PRINCE ALBERT CIGAR BOX

Filled with blood encrusted bullets. The new slugs land among the old slugs.

TABLE TOP

Scores of silverware lie on the table.

RAMOS (V.O.S)
Meltdown!

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The process begins. The silverware is melted down and the liquid form is poured into circular casings.

THE BULLETS

The silver glistens.

RAMOS (V.O.S)
Bonita!

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Ramos, Baby Boy and his color wearing gang grip state of the art weaponry as they march.

RAMOS
I don't know but I've been told...

GANG (IN UNISON)
...Hombre lobos have invaded the
barrio...

RAMOS
...We gonna kill 'em quick and
clean...

GANG (IN UNISON)
...This badass barrio war
machine...

RAMOS
...Those who run like little
whores...

GANG (IN UNISON)
...Gotta wear their mamas
underdrawers!

EXT. BARRIO NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

A blood red moon leers over the barrio. Funky Latin music.

A multicolored convertible comes up the street.

Baby Boy drives. A pair of color wearing gang bangers sit in the rear.

Ramos sits in the passenger seat.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Flashbacks, "Mike?"

RAMOS
Yeah, flashbacks, mother fucker.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Come on, hombre lobos!

The gang bangers voice agreement.

A pair of glowing eyes. Baby Boy stops the car on a dime, pops up, aims. A beam of light slices the darkness.

The light lands between the glowing eyes. Baby Boy fires. The eyes shut. Baby Boy and his gang bangers leap from the car.

An old man lies on the ground and transforms from a wolf into a human.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
I bagged the bitch! This one's for the homeys!

The muchachos voice agreement. Ramos sidles up to Baby Boy.

RAMOS
This smells worse than dirty booty.

A surprised look on Baby Boy's face.

BABY BOY GARCIA
You know what dirty booty smells like?

The gang bangers laugh.

RAMOS
So would you if you weren't.

The gang bangers laugh.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Shut the fuck up.

The gang bangers cease laughing.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)
The fuck you mean, "Mike?"

RAMOS
You think that old fuck is the
hombre lobo who's been "bitin' the
homeboys?"

BABY BOY GARCIA
You just saw the shit go from
hombre lobo to hombre.

RAMOS
You need to learn what dirty booty
smells like. Get yourself a dirty
girl because the streets still
ain't safe.

YINT. HUGE ROOM-NIGHT

The symbol of Baphomet is painted on a wall behind an altar.
On the altar is a small black box.

A nude Haze enters, bows before the symbol of Baphomet then
reaches for the box.

Griffith and Miller. Haze is surprised.

MILLER
Leave the unguent alone.

GRIFFITH
I gave instructions there were to
be no forays.

Haze gets to his feet.

HAZE
So you're lord master now?

GRIFFITH
You will have to seek another
source for your excitement.

EXT. BARRIO NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

The multicolored car comes down the street using the head of
the old hombre lobo as a hood ornament.

Baby Boy sits in the rear as a gang banger drives and another
gang banger clumsily swills a bottle of tequila.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I killed the hombre lobo! I killed
the hombre lobo!

The tequila swilling gang banger belches.

EXT. RAMOS'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Ramos rests the gun on his shoulder as he walks past the
burned out husk of his car.

RAMOS
Ninos estúpido.

Ramos enters his house and slams the door.

INT. MORGUE-DAY

The headless corpse of the older man on a slab. Coroner on
one side, Ramos on the other.

RAMOS
No bite marks?

CORONER
None. Why would you assume there
would be bite marks?

RAMOS
I don't know.

CORONER
Is this some new gang banger
initiation?

RAMOS
I don't know.

CORONER
There is one odd thing. The corpse
appears to have been covered with
an unguent.

RAMOS
An unguent?

CORONER
An ointment.

RAMOS
What kind of ointment?

CORONER

A strange one. It is comprised of so many different things I really can't go into details. Are you sure e hthis isn't some gang banger thing?

RAMOS

What? Decapitate the corpse and rub it down with ointment? I don't think so.

The coroner tosses the sheet over the corpse.

CORONER

I wish you luck, detective.

RAMOS

Gracias.

Ramos exits. The coroner is pensive.

CORONER

These gang bangers are getting stranger and stranger.

TV SCREEN

A pair of Latin boxers mano y mano.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz sits on the sofa. A banging on the side of the house.

DIAZ

What have you found?

Ramos steps from the shadows.

RAMOS

You're a real prick.

Ramos enters the kitchen.

RAMOS (FROM KITCHEN) (CONT'D)

That idiota Baby Boy Garcia thinks he killed the hombre lobo.

DIAZ

What make you think he didn't?

Ramos enters with a Corona, slides into the easy chair.

RAMOS

The one he killed was a homemade
hombre lobo.

DIAZ

A homemade hombre lobo? You ok,
"Mike?"

RAMOS

He was rubbed down with a thick
unguent, ointment, some shit, to
lull the gang bangers into a false
sense of security.

Ramos drinks the Corona.

DIAZ

Just how does an unguent turn one
into a hombre lobo?

RAMOS

I'll find out, amigo.

The banging continues. Ramos' face goes sour.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

How the fuck do you stand that
hammering?

The banging ceases. Juan peeks in a window.

JUAN

Just relax and the hammering will
not sound like hammering but a
natural beautiful rhythm. "Mike."

Juan disappears from the window. The banging resumes. Ramos
kills the Corona, goes to the door.

DIAZ

How do you intend to find out?

RAMOS

I might rub a little of that
ointment on my ass and see if I
howl at the fucking moon.

Ramos exits. The long, low creak of the door. The banging
continues. Diaz laughs mildly.

TV SCREEN

Lon chaney, jr does his thing.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Haze watches the screen with a twisted look on his face.

EXT. MODEST HOME-NIGHT

Ramos pulls up, exits the car, knocks on the door. The door opens.

A little boy, NINO, peers up at Ramos.

RAMOS

I must have the wrong address.

NINO

This is the place.

Nino opens the door. Ramos enters.

INT. MODEST HOME-NIGHT

The home is cozy, nice.

NINO

You expected to see shrunken heads,
the symbol of satan, etc.

Ramos nods.

RAMOS

Yeah.

Nino laughs.

NINO

My Grandmother will see you now.

Ramos points down the hall. Nino nods. Ramos goes down the hall, raises his hand to knock on the door.

MADRE NEGRON (V.O.S)

Entrar.

Ramos does so.

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

MADRE NEGRON sits at a table. She is an attractive elderly woman. Ramos appears surprised.

MADRE NEGRON

You expected to see a filthy fat woman with graying hair and jaundiced eyes.

Ramos nods.

RAMOS

Yeah.

MADRE NEGRON

Sit down, please. I want you to know I want no recompense. It is my civic duty to assist the police.

Ramos's eyebrows rise.

MADRE NEGRON (CONT'D)

You want to know about the unguent.

Ramos's lower lip drops. Madre Negron smiles. Pristine teeth.

MADRE NEGRON (CONT'D)

And you though my teeth rotten also.

Ramos grins.

RAMOS

Sorry.

MADRE NEGRON

In the events that follow you will find your answer.

Ramos's eyes squint. Madre Negron smiles. Pristine.

A powerful gunshot. Madre Negron pitches forward.

A man with a wolfman mask stares down the barrel of a smoking shotgun through the window.

Ramos ducks. The shotgun thunders again. Ramos pulls his gun, fires. The wolf mask at the window steps aside.

The door explodes open. Two men in wolf masks swing blazing machine guns.

Bullets drill into the walls and demolish furniture. Ramos pivots, fires. The gunmen run down the hall.

The masked gunman appears in the window, fires. Ramos fires. The gunman steps aside.

Ramos looks toward the corridor.

RAMOS

The Boy!

Ramos gets to his feet, charges down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR-NIGHT

The gunmen blaze at him as they run. Ramos fires. Blood spurts from Ramos's side and he falls to the floor.

The gunmen exit through the front door. Ramos fires until his gun clicks. Ramos grabs his side to staunch the blood flow and walks down the corridor.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Ramos enters. Nino stands by the tv. He steps into the screen. Ramos raises his bloody hand.

RAMOS

No!

Young Nino is gone. Ramos reaches for the boy and leaps into the tv screen.

EXT. CITY STREET MEXICO CITY-NIGHT

Ramos looks around. The street signs are in Spanish. The over all color is garish.

RAMOS (A HISS)

Eastman color.

The headlights of a car slices the night and heads toward Ramos. Ramos squints. The car stops in front of him. It's SANTO, EL ENMASCARADO LA PLATA!

SANTO

I'm Santo. Please get in.

Ramos sighs, enters the car as if hypnotized. Santo looks straight ahead.

SANTO (CONT'D)

Time is of the essence.

Santo puts the car in reverse. Ramos pitches forward and slams into the dash.

INT. SPORTS CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

A bewildered Ramos looks at Santo.

SANTO

We must find the secret of the
unguent before more lives are lost
in the barrio.

EXT. CITY STREET MEXICO CITY-NIGHT

The sports car speeds on.

INT. SPORTS CAR-MOVING-NIGHT

Santo slams on the brakes. Ramos slams into the dash. Santo stands up.

SANTO

The hombre lobos!

Santo leaps from the car and knocks the hombre lobos to the ground.

EXT. CITY STREET MEXICO CITY-NIGHT

Santo takes on the hombre lobos using his speed, agility and beautiful wrestling moves. A bewildered Ramos looks at the action.

The hombre lobo begin to get the best of Santo. BLUE DEMON leaps from the shadows!

SANTO

Blue Demon!

A wrestling announcer begins to describe the action in staccato Spanish.

INT. SPORTS CAR-NIGHT

Ramos lowers his head.

EXT. CITY STREET MEXICO CITY-NIGHT

Santo and Blue Demon dispatch the hombre lobo in typical Mexican horror movie fashion. Santo puts a choke hold on one of the hombre lobo.

SANTO

What is the secret of the unguent!

The hombre lobo mumbles something. Santo drops him to the street. Santo and Blue Demon congratulate each other and go to the car.

Ramos exits the car.

RAMOS

What is the secret of the unguent?

SANTO.

Someone else will know that. Blue and I must be on our way. Here is a wristwatch radio transmitter. Push this button to call Blue or myself.

Santo hands Ramos the wristwatch. Santo and Blue Demon step into the classic world of Mexican cinema.

Ramos presses the button, speaks into the wristwatch.

RAMOS

Santo, Blue, I'm a big fan of you guys. When I was a kid I saw all your movies.

PAUL NASCHY (JACINTO MOLINA ALVARES) steps from the shadows. Ramos is awestruck.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Paul Naschy! I'm also a a big fan of yours!

Naschy convulses and begins to sprout facial hair. Ramos looks over his shoulder. A full moon.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

Naschy is now the hombre lobo who he played so well many times. Ramos runs. He see the door of a modest home. Ramos enters.

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

ABEL SALAZAR and PETER CUSHING discuss how to slay vampires.

CUSHING

Oh, yes my good man, they can be real bastards when the stake is applied, if you pardon my vernacular.

SALAZAR

They are quite tenacious.

Ramos is stunned.

RAMOS

Abel Salazar and Peter Cushing?

CUSHING

Ah, the fellow we've been waiting for.

SALAZAR

The answer of the unguent is not here. Someone else possesses it.

Ramos looks at an old RCA tv sitting on a table.

TV SCREEN

The interior of the bullet riddled home of Madre Negrón.

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

Salazar turns around. He turns back around. He is now THE BRAINIAC! Cushing pulls a hammer and stake.

CUSHING

Go, detective Ramos!

RAMOS

But you're from Hammer Studios not Churubusco!

CUSHING

My dear boy you remember seeing a couple of my movies at the Rialto?

Ramos nods.

RAMOS

Yes, Horror of Dracula.

Cushing and the brainiac do battle.

CUSHING

Go!

Ramos leaps into the tv screen.

INT. MADRE NEGRON'S ROOM-NIGHT

Ramos sits at the table. He raises his head and opens his eyes. Madre Negron looks at him intently.

MADRE NEGRON

Now you have the answer that you seek.

A bewildered Ramos looks into her strange eyes. He gets to his feet and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Ramos steps into the room. Nino is watching Santo on tv. There is no broken glass or bullet holes.

RAMOS

Gracias.

NINO

Please come again.

Ramos exits.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz sits on the sofa drinking blood from a metered bottle and watching tv.

The hammering of Juan continues. Diaz closes his eyes and seems to be praying. The front door quickly opens automatically. The Long low creak except faster.

Ramos stands in the doorway.

RAMOS

Neat fucking trick.

DIAZ

Gracias.

Ramos sits next to Diaz and watches tv.

RAMOS

Tell me about the unguent.

DIAZ

Some hombres become hombre lobos by being bitten. Others use more esoteric means like the unguent.

RAMOS

What is the unguent and where do you get it?

Diaz looks humorously at Ramos,

DIAZ

You want to become a hombre lobo?

RAMOS

Yeah, I want to become a hombre lobo.

Diaz smiles.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Mil gracias.

Ramos gets up goes through the door, turns to Diaz.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Isn't being bitten by a hombre lobo esoteric?

The door closes automatically in Ramos's face.

RAMOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

Diaz smiles as he drinks.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

A string of multicolored cars come down the street. Each seems to be playing its own funky Latin tune.

INT LEAD CHEVY MOVING-NIGHT

Baby Boy Garcia and his boys MALLO and RALLO. They have state of the art weaponry.

BABY BOY GARCIA

I tell you the mother fucker talked better English then you and me.

RALLO

I'll believe the shit when I see
the shit.

Mallo nods enthusiastically.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Then get ready to believe mother
fucker 'cause it looks like a bad
moon over the barrio.

Baby Boy looks up at the blood red moon.

EXT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz lies on the sofa sleeping. He opens his eyes.

A werewolf leaps through the front window showering the
living room with glass.

The werewolf looks at Diaz with a hellish countenance.

WEREWOLF

I've preyed on the rest now I want
to try the best.

DIAZ

You're definitely going to get the
best, mother fucker.

Diaz emerges from the sofa. The hombre lobo screams as saliva
drips from its mouth.

Diaz throws a nice left hook. The hombre lobo is slammed into
the wall.

The hombre lobo rubs his jaw.

WEREWOLF

Not bad, bloodsucker.

Diaz does a quick spinning kick and knocks the hombre lobo
across the room sending furniture flying.

DIAZ

It gets a lot better, bitch.

The hombre lobo charges Diaz in a berserker rage.

Diaz effectively evades the wolf's quick blows.

Diaz does a quick kick to the wolf's legs. The wolf topples
to the floor.

The hombre lobo gets up and grins as a line of blood comes from its nostril.

WEREWOLF

I've read your dossier. You're a former Vietnam vet missing in action.

DIAZ

Not only can you talk you can read. Bravo!

The hombre lobo takes a swipe at Diaz leaving claw marks down the wall. Diaz looks at the marks then at the hombre lobo.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Impressive!

The hombre lobo swats Diaz knocking him through the kitchen door.

WEREWOLF

I'll eat your heart you arrogant bastard.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Diaz looks intently at the kitchen doorway. Diaz closes his eyes, concentrates.

Several knives fly from a counter top display toward the doorway.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The knives fly through the entrance and pin the hombre lobo to the wall in a crucifixion.

Diaz enters from the kitchen. The hombre lobo roars, tenses its muscles and pulls its arms forward. The knives fly at Diaz in a trail of blood.

Diaz puts up his hands and beautifully parries the oncoming knives.

The hombre lobo snarls at Diaz, thin streams of blood spurt from its nose.

WEREWOLF

I'm going to send you to spic vampire hell!

Boom! Diaz jolts. The hombre lobo looks down at his chest and sees the perfectly round hole where his heart once was.

The hombre lobo drops with a look of anguish on its bestial face.

Juan stands in the doorway holding a smoking blunder puss.

JUAN
I didn't get mad until I heard
"spic hell."

DIAZ
Did you use silver?

JUAN
My own load. When the hombre lobo
started on us I took all my wife's
crosses and crucifixes and melted
them down then mixed mercury,
garlic and arsenic with them.

DIAZ
Mil gracias, Juan.

The hombre lobo morphs into Haze.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
Can I trouble you to remove the
basura?

JUAN
No problemo.

Juan produces a shiny body bag. Diaz is amused.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

The multi-colored cars roll on. Music intact.

INT. LEAD CHEVY-MOVING-NIGHT

Baby Boy Garcia, Rollo and Mallo are intent.

BABY BOY GARCIA
I'm gonna put a wolf's head on the
hood of my Chevy, yeah!

The Chevy comes to a halt. Baby Boy and his hoods are surprised.

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Ramos stands next to his car in the center of the street.

The Chevy stops. The guys leap from the car.

RAMOS

The wolf hunt is over, amigos, Go home.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Go home? Just like that, go home?

Ramos nods. Baby Boy Garcia smiles.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)

How the fuck you gonna stop us,
"Mike?" You gonna do a Bruce Willis
or a Harrison fuckin' Ford?

The gang laughs. Ramos is deadpan.

RAMOS

I'll tell your boys your secret.

Baby Boy Garcia forgets his smile. Rollo and Mallo laugh.

BABY BOY GARCIA

You're a bastardo, you know that?

Rollo looks at Baby Boy Garcia. Ramos smiles.

ROLLO

You gay, amigo?

The gang laughs. Baby Boy Garcia faces the gang.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Are you mother fuckers gay? Fuck
you all.

Ramos is silent as Baby Boy Garcia faces him.

BABY BOY GARCIA (CONT'D)

We'll let the policia handle it.

Baby Boy Garcia and the gang enter their cars.

ROLLO

What's your secret?

BABY BOY GARCIA

I ain't got no fucking secret. That
cop is full of shit.

ROLLO
Then why you leaving, amigo?

BABY BOY GARCIA
Shut the fuck up. Rollo.

The Chevys exit. Ramos smirks.

EXT.MANSION POOL AREA-NIGHT

Griffith and Miller entertain their beautiful guests.

GRIFFITH
...And as I've stated before our
restoration project will not only
make the barrio a more beautiful
place but also a safer one.

A man in a tuxedo sidles up to Griffith.

TUXEDO
Mr. Griffith, there's a man who says
he has something for you.

Griffith is mildly surprised. Griffith smiles at his
audience.

GRIFFITH
Excuse me, please.

Griffith and Miller follow tuxedo into the mansion.

INT. GAME ROOM-NIGHT

Juan stands behind the pool table with the body bag on it.

JUAN
A friend say to give you your
basura.

Miller impetuously unzips the body bag. The anguished and
bloated face of Haze.

JUAN (CONT'D)
The friend also say if I did not
make it back to the barrio he gonna
fuck you up.

Juan smiles. Griffith and Miller are deadpan.

INT. RAMOS'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Ramos finishes up making a sloppy sandwich. He opens the fridge and grabs a Corona.

A noise. Ramos stiffens, grabs a sharp knife from a rack. Ramos walks cautiously toward the entrance.

INT. RAMOS'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

DAVE WILLIAMS, a muscular black man in a wheelchair greets Ramos with a warm smile.

RAMOS

Can I help you?

WILLIAMS

I heard you were having trouble with werewolves.

RAMOS

Who are you and what do you know about the werewolves?

WILLIAMS

I'm Dave Williams, a former New York city detective. I had the same problem in that city a few years ago.

RAMOS

Your gang bangers with their entrails spread all over the street.

WILLIAMS

Precisely.

Ramos is cautious. Williams confident.

RAMOS

What can you do for me? I didn't mean...

WILLIAMS

Don't let the soap box derby make you feel sorry for me. I want you to pay those mother fuckers back for me. In fucking spades.

Ramos nods. Williams produces a neat brown case and smiles.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There were originally five of them
until I found the means to take
them out.

Williams opens the case. Neat rows of silver bullets encased
in green felt.

RAMOS

They don't do shit.

WILLIAMS

These will. They're coated with
garlic, arsenic and filled with
mercury.

RAMOS

Were they blessed by the pope?

Williams grins.

WILLIAMS

Hardly. The chemicals in them will
interact with that shit they rub on
themselves and make them ninety
nine and forty four one hundred
percent dead.

Williams hands Ramos the case.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

It's almost worth it to see that
little dance they do.

Ramos looks at Williams.

RAMOS

Little dance?

WILLIAMS

You a fan of Chuck Berry?

RAMOS

He's alright.

WILLIAMS

The duck walk.

Ramos laughs gently.

RAMOS

It's not going to make them do
that.

Williams laughs.

WILLIAMS
The hell it won't.

Ramos and Williams both laugh.

RAMOS
Gracias.

Williams heads for the door.

RAMOS (CONT'D)
Are you going to be alright? Those
streets are rough.

Williams smiles.

WILLIAMS
"Rough" is my first name.

INT. HUGE ROOM-NIGHT

Griffith and Miller stand before the symbol of baphomet.

GRIFFITH
It seems we've outlived our
welcome.

MILLER
There will be other cities.

GRIFFITH
I have our friends tying up a few
loose ends.

MILLER
Curly, Larry and Moe?

GRIFFITH
They will carry on the chaos when
we're gone.

MILLER
That's what worries me.

GRIFFITH
They will be killed in the process.
Not only are they stupid but also
reckless.

Griffith and Miller are silent.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this.

MILLER

One of us has to.

GRIFFITH

Admit it, you just want to face one
of his kind.

Griffith steps into the shadows. Miller removes his shirt, dips his hand into a black box and rubs the unguent on his body.

INT. DIAZ'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Diaz sits on the sofa drinking a bottle of blood. A thump on the ceiling. Diaz looks up.

The roof explodes open. A hombre lobo drops to the center of the floor.

DIAZ

Glad of you to drop in.

The werewolf snarls.

MILLER/WEREWOLF

It's yo' ass now.

DIAZ

You're funny. You crash through a
man's roof and start talking about
his ass.

MILLER/WEREWOLF

I'll tear yo' heart from yo' body,
mother fucker!

DIAZ

I knew it was only a matter of time
before the ghetto came out of you.

MILLER/WEREWOLF

Let's see the barrio come out of
you.

DIAZ

Fair enough.

Diaz kills the blood and throws the bottle into the werewolf's face.

The werewolf comes at Diaz and swings its hand like quicksilver.

Diaz sidesteps. The werewolf tries again. Diaz parries.

The werewolf grabs the big screen tv and hurls it at Diaz.

The tv hits Diaz knocking him into the wall.

The werewolf converges on Diaz.

Diaz looks at werewolf with stolid anger on his chiseled features.

MILLER/WEREWOLF

Made you mad, barrio faggott?

Diaz does a martial arts set on the werewolf that would impress Bruce Lee.

EXT. DIAZ'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The werewolf crashes through the wall and hits the street. Diaz steps from the door. Long low creak. The werewolf gets to its feet and howls viciously as it flexes its muscles.

Staccato gunfire. Bullet holes appear in the werewolf's face, head and chest.

The werewolf smiles, thumps a fist on its chest.

MILLER/WEREWOLF

What, bullets hurt me?

The werewolf convulses, foams at the mouth then does the Chuck Berry duck walk.

The werewolf slaps to the ground convulses more quickly then morphs into Miller.

Ramos and Baby Boy Garcia step from the shadows with state of the art guns.

RAMOS (SOTTO VOCE)

Damn if it don't make them dance like Chuck Berry.

Diaz is solemn.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

You look pissed.

DIAZ
Hairy bastardo smashed my big
screen.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Whatever is in these bullets made
that mother fucker dance like he
was on Sooooul train.

Baby Boy Garcia is holding the gun low pointing to his
crotch.

DIAZ
Make sure Baby Boy don't blow his
dick off.

BABY BOY GARCIA
Why you thinking of my dick, man?

RAMOS
Chill. Diaz just wants to make sure
you will have a little Baby Boy
Garcia running around someday.

Ramos gently pushes Baby Boy's gun hand upward.

DIAZ
Good. Now he can blow his own head
off.

BABY BOY GARCIA
You a bitch, Diaz.

RAMOS
One hombre lobo to go.

DIAZ
Save the last hombre lobo for me.

RAMOS
Sounds like a song.

Ramos and Baby Boy Garcia step into the shadows. Ramos steps
from the shadows and looks at Miller with contempt.

RAMOS (CONT'D)
Sgt. Dave Williams sends his
regards, maricone.

Ramos steps back into the shadows.

THE SKY-NIGHT

The full moon is now a frightening crimson.

EXT. RAMOS'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Ramos pulls up, exits the car. Detectives Ray, Roy and Baker step into the crimson glow.

BAKER

Not so fast, homeboy.

ROY

We've got to talk.

RAY

Just a little palaver.

Ramos holds up one finger.

RAMOS

One. I ain't your homeboy.

Another finger.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Two. I ain't got nothing to say to you maricones.

Another finger.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Three. You don't get the fuck outta my face I'm gonna put a cap in your asses.

BAKER

How cliched.

Roy and Ray lower their heads in abject sadness.

ROY

You could've been one of us.

RAY

Pity.

The detectives each look up. Their faces contort and they violently turn into werewolves.

RAMOS

Why?

Baker smiles.

BAKER

The gift.

The detectives are now fully transformed. They approach Ramos.

Ramos pulls his gun and blasts the hombre lobos. The werewolves laugh in unison.

A surprised look comes over their faces. The werewolves convulse and do the duck walk.

The sound of a mariachi band. Ramos claps in tempo with the music.

Baby Boy Garcia and a mariachi band step from the darkness.

The werewolves convulse then die. Baby Boy puts up his hand. The music ceases.

Ramos looks hard at Baby Boy Garcia.

RAMOS

I thought I told you to go home.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Just looking out for you, amigo.

RAMOS

Go home and take them with you.

BABY BOY GARCIA

Alright, alright.

The cop, the thug and the mariachi band step into the night,

EXT. MANSION-NIGHT

The blood moon casts its eerie glow.

INT. HUGE ROOM-NIGHT

Griffith sits on a posh chair drink in hand. Diaz steps from the shadows.

GRIFFITH

Welcome, Mr. Diaz.

DIAZ

You've been waiting for me.

GRIFFITH

Yes.

Griffith gets up, puts the glass on the bar.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)

I've always wanted to challenge one of your kind. I mean a vampire. Of course.

DIAZ

Of course.

Griffith cranes his neck, tightens his jaw. The sound of flesh distorting. Fangs burst from Griffith's upper mouth. Long fur-like hairs sprout from his pores.

Diaz smirks.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

That must be one hell on an experience.

GRIFFITH (DISTORTED)

The most thrilling.

Diaz hisses as fangs fill his mouth. The muscles of Diaz ripple as his ears become conch-like. The eyes glow red. A Latin nosferatau.

GRIFFITH (FROM HELL) (CONT'D)

Not bad.

DIAZ

Gracias.

GRIFFITH

My therapist said my wanting to be a werewolf was due to the fact I had been too civilized all my life.

Griffith grabs the bar, hurls into Diaz smashing him against the wall.

The hombre lobo steps up.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)

Is that savage enough for you?

Diaz rises from the debris smiling. Diaz concentrates. The sound of silverware clattering in the kitchen.

The hombre lobo is dumbfounded.

Every butcher knife, steak knife and fork comes flying through the kitchen entrance and impale the hombre lobo to the wall.

DIAZ
How's that for savage?

The hombre lobo screams. The screams segues into a howl. The hombre lobo tenses his muscles and the knives fall to the floor.

GRIFFITH
Impressive.

Griffith stands firm. The sound of flesh stretching. The wounds instantly heal.

DIAZ
Not bad.

The hombre lobo raises its clawed hand.

GRIFFITH
Now let me.

DIAZ
Let's stop all this "who has the bigger dick" and get it on.

The hombre lobo lowers his hand self consciously.

GRIFFITH
Of course.

The vampire and the werewolf clash.

The hombre lobo swipes his claws against Diaz's flesh leaving terrible cuts.

Diaz bites a chunk from the hombre lobo's shoulder. The hombre lobo lifts Diaz above his head, howls and throws Diaz across the room.

Diaz slams into the wall and slides to the floor. The hombre lobo converges on Diaz. Diaz grabs a cue from a nearby pool table, rolls across the floor and jams the cue into the wolf's mangy balls.

The hombre lobo's eyes cross and he howls in a falsetto. Diaz puts his hands to his ears. An overhead chandelier explodes raining glass onto the warriors.

Diaz punches hombre lobo on the jaw knocking him to his knees. Diaz grabs the hombre by the neck and snaps it.

The hombre slumps to the floor.

DIAZ

Adios.

Diaz stops and looks around at the fine place.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Nice place, hijo de puta. But there ain't no place like the barrio.

EXT. BARRIO-NIGHT

The blood moon.

EXT. DIAZ'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Diaz assesses the damage. A limo stops on the street. The hombre lobo steps from the limo. His head crookedly sits on a twisted neck.

HOMBRE LOBO

You thought you were safe coming home to your "barrio," didn't you, Diaz?

Diaz turns around, a pistol in his hand. A red dot appears on the hombre lobo's chest.

Diaz fires. Hombre lobo jolts, convulses then does the Chuck Berry duck walk and drops to the mean barrio streets.

The hombre lobo morphs into Griffith.

Diaz looks down on Griffith with smiling eyes.

DIAZ

You know the barrio ain't safe, mother fucker.

Diaz casually enters his house.

FADE OUT:

SLOW FADE IN:

EXT. BARRIO STREET-NIGHT

Baby Boy Garcia hangs with his hommies. Laughter, funky music. A spotlight hits them. The voice of Ramos explodes from a loud speaker.

RAMOS (V.O.S)
I told you what I'd do if you
fucked up your curfew! Didn't I?
Didn't I?

Baby Boy Garcia becomes animated.

BABY BOY GARCIA
No, man! C'mon!

RAMOS (V.O.S)
You ever wonder why they call him
"Baby Boy?" Because he still lives
with his mother!

The gang does not react.

VARIOUS GANG MEMBERS
We still live with ours, mother
fucker. So what! Yeah!

Baby Boy Garcia gives Ramos both fingers.

RAMOS (V.O.S)
He listens to the Beach Boys!

The gang turns toward Baby Boy Garcia and makes sour faces.

VARIOUS GANG MEMBERS
The Beach Boys? What kind of a
gangster are you?!

Baby Boy Garcia is embarrassed. Ramos laughs.

FADE OUT.

THE BARRIO BLOODSUCKER AND THE WHOLE BARRIO GANG RETURNS IN:
ZOMBIES OVER THE BARRIO!

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